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the puling sentimentality of an ordinary ballad and the majestic passion of Beethoven's "*Adelaide*"! what serene and virginal aspiration is expressed in Schubert's "*Ave Maria*!" As sculpture admits us into the temple where the heroes of the race sit in splendid calm and dignity, as painting unveils to us the mystery of the supreme moments of history and life, so music immerses us in the stream of thought suffused by emotion, which furnishes the well-springs of the purest activities of the soul. Like clouds before the wind, our sordid cares, our little ambitions, our ignoble hates and envies, are put to flight by this potent magician. Who has not sometimes wished to be, if only for a moment, the heroic soul whose life burns like a beacon on the mountain-peaks of the ages? To fruitions like these music ever invites us; to her the avenues of the mind and heart are ever open; like an angel from the heavens she enters to dwell there, bringing from her native skies both blessedness and peace.

MERLIN'S DISCIPLE.

By S.

In Merlin's holy cave
The mighty word I sought,
That called men out the grave
And to his presence brought.
The old enchanter came
And told it in mine ear,
I speak it just the same:
The shadows then appear.
Bright beings chant a song,
The fairies flit around,
The dead rise in a throng
As when the trump shall sound.
The golden visions dance
Before my raptured eye,
The world looks on in trance,
Enchained by poesy.
Those rainbow dreams are gone,
No more the strains are heard,
The world goes heedless on,
And I have lost the word.